MAD EMPRESS DYING.

The Unhappy Charlotte of Mexico Is Failing Rapidly.

It was a melancholy day for the members of the royal family of Beigium on June 7, when they made their annual official pilgrimage to the Chateau de Bouchout, near the village of Meysse, to present their "best wishes" to the unhappy Charlotte, ex-Empress of Mexico. It was the fifty-fourth anniversary of her birth. Her condition since that day, too, has continued to grow worse, so that it is believed the princess is soon to be relieved by death from her sufferings.

death from her sufferings.

Until a short time age she had at least moments when she appeared to be herself and understand in part at least what was said to her. These moments came most frequently in the presence of her sister-in-law, the queen, for whom she always manifested a deep love. Few persons are allowed near her, in fact, as the presence of one whom she does not like or who is unknown to her always makes her tremble and thus increases her sufferings. But she had always welcomed the queen, whose presence had a soothing effect upon her.

her.

But when her majesty approached her on the birthday anniversary mentioned the exempress looked upon her with stony eyes from which no ray of intelligence flashed. Even the announcement a few days ago that her favorite niece, Princess Josephine, had been married had no effect upon her. She did not realize the meaning of the words apoken. Until recently she played daily on her piano, and her improvisations at times were beautiful—the fancies of a mad brain. But now she has no interest in music. But now she has no interest in music,

But now she has no interest in music.

She is growing weaker daily, and the end of
her suffering is not thought to be far distant.

She cares little for dress now, while for years
she was fend of decking herself in brilliant
colors and wearing beautiful costumes. Daily, among other things, a new pair of white gloves had to be laid on her dressing table, but these she now never draws over her shapely hands. She has given up her walks and remains in her room day after day, mostly stretched out on her bed, her eyes haggard

and her face thin and pale.

The people of Belgium have taken the deepest interest in the welfare of the Princess Charlotte, as they always call her, ignoring the title of empress, in the twenty-seven years since the loss of her reason. There is a tradition or belief in Belgium that her condition is due to a drink made from a plant in Mexico, administered to her by her enemies in the land over which her husband ruled for so short a time. The plant, it is said, caused the loss of reason and gradual death.

But there are other ways of explaining the lamestable affliction of the once ambitious said lovely woman. The exciting incidents through which she passed, the humiliations est interest in the welfare of the Princess

ough which she passed, the humiliations the she suffered, the violent emotions she felt, the thought of her husband-

which she left, the thought of her husband— all tended to shake her reason.

It was on her return from St. Cloud, where Napoleen III had received her, that the first mad symptoms manifested themselves. He then had finally announced that he would do othing for her and was to recall the French roops from Mexico, advising Maximilian to tive up an impossible struggle and return to Europe. She left Nanoleon in despair, and give up an impossible struggle and return to Europe. She left Napoleon in despair, and arriving at the Grand Hotel in Paris she had an attack of irsanity. "Go away, you miserable wretches, go away," she cried to Messrs, Castillo and De Valle, her favorites among

Lord Willard's Peril.

By MARY CROSS. Author of "Ludley's Widow," "Under Sentence," "False Witness," Ac.

The express from Hollywood and elsewhere flies through the heat of later August, now between deep cuttings waving with broom and gorse and seeding grasses, now past floods of golden grain, fruit-rich orchards, and lovely little villages. Passengers sigh and yawn and sleep, and grumble generally at the heat and tedium of traveling.

In a first-class compartment two florid "horsey" individuals have certainly set themselves to make the best of it, and, apparently little disturbed by the state of the thermometer, devour sandwiches, and "pour libations" of something that looks, but doesn't smell, like weak cold tea, comparing notes on racing events past and future, and the merits of the latest music hall star.

"So Mrs. De la Poer is husband-hunting again?" says one of these mighty eaters, and the remark, uttered after a short silence, eauses the only other occupant of the compartment-a handsome athlete, who has been half asieep in the corner, his arms folded, his rather long legs stretched out—to open his lany gray eyes and to colour through his

terous laugh. 'Lord pity the poor old fool if she catches him!'
"Sour grapes, my boy; sour grapes, ch?"
"Nothing of the kind, on my Bibbe oath, Bless you, she don't know me now. I don't Bless you, she don't know me now. I don't east that once on a time all her smiles weren't for me, but of course when her pretty face caught a swell it was all over with common folk, and she held her head too high to see poor fellows like me once the ring was safe on her finger. If I was qualifying for the position of second husband to be ladyship I'd make of second ansonad to be ladysing 1 d make in the lighted room, it my busines to know what became of the first—how he was shuffled off."

And he closes one eye, nods, and takes a long pull at his flask. The other man looks interested—even on the verge of being ex-

the head, self-administered, or whether he just drank himself to death, no one seems to know, and it ten't my business any now. He was rather a handsome fellow, De la Poer, but a precious soft; else a pair of bright eyes smirking at him over a bar wouldn't have led him into matrimony. She was poor enough, and had to be outen with little growth. when she knew him first; but, by Jove, after
she was married, mines of Golconda wouldn't
have kept her. The best of everything was Pohardly good enough for her; and so, with her
extravagance, and maybe remorse, and no
doubt the dropping off of friends who would and
out receive an expannald he la Postcock refuge in drink. Perhaps he had a weakness for it before, just as he had for low com-pany, but a better woman might have made a better men of him. I suppose he went from had to worse with a rattle; anyway, the whole thing ended in a smash-utter ruin-and between drink and worry some say the man's brain gave way. It don't know how that may be, but he vanished, and so did she; and when she reappeared she was got up as a widow. She has sturted life at Hollywood, where no one is likely to identify Dolly Pearson, of the Hare and Hounds, with Mrs. Dorothen De la Poer, of Rosemount, whom every one pittes as the rich widow of a man who went wrong. That's if you like, but clever as the dence "But what does she live on? Credit?"

"Not at all. She has the luck of old Harry. The old man who owned the Hare and Hounds left her all he had, and some say he would have married her. However that may be, soon after she came back as a widow this mency dropped into her her had money dropped into her hands, and there she is! The contents of the till will help her to another good match; maybe some spars were saved from the wreek, and if so, she'd have them, that's certain. It knocked me all out of time this morning, when she drove by, looking too laby, like to live saving me, and she will be too laby. ing too lady-like to live, staring me straight ing too hady-like to live, staring me straight in the face as if she'd never seen me in her life before. Another woman would have fainted, or sought to beg or buy my slience about old times until her big fish was landed, but she never turned a hair. 'It's all right, Dolly,' thinks I, 'you're game and I won' spoil sport.' It seems that now she is the rich young widow of a Da la Poer of Chester, which is like saying a Howard is the rich young widow of a Da la Poer of Chester, which is like saying a Howard or Stanley. He's supposed to have treated her badly, for she can't bear to speak of her married life; she is all sweet gentle martyr and patient angel. Ha! ha! ha! It really is fine, and if she catches this new man, fiction isn't in it with Dolly's luck. Who is he, did you ask? Feer of the realm, my boy. No less. Lord Willard, of Waterdale, wherever that is."

her husband's councilors, who had accom panied her on her mission.

A little later she made her pligrimage to Rome to see the Pope and beg his intercession with the Mexican clergy as a last resort. Falling on her knees before his holiness, she cried: "St. Peter, issue a bull, I beg you, to all Christians, condemning those who wish to imprison me."

all Christians, condemning those who wish to imprison me."

The political part which she had wished to play ended in that supplication. She shut herself up soon afterward in the Chateau Miramir, and later she was transported to Beigium, where she was confined at first in the castle of Tervueron and still later in the Chateau Bouchout, where sne is to-day.

It is uncertain whether she ever knew the real end of Maxmilian. At least for years she has believed that he still lives as a prisoner in Mexico. Only a few months ago she wrote letters to all the sovereigns of Europe, demanding their aid in his behalf.

TO HELP BEAT OLD HICKORY. Curious Relic of the Campaign of 1834 Owned by a Michigan Man.

Ira H. Benjamin, a gentleman living at Romeo, Mich., is the possessor of a curious relic of the Presidential campaign of 1834. It is a copper coin issued by the opponents of Gen. Andrew Jackson, who was then running for President for the third time, he having once been defeated. The coin or token is about the size of an old copper cent and bears

about the size of an oid copper cent and bears the following inscriptions:

On one side encircling the center are the words: "Perish credit. Perish commerce, 1884." In the center is the figure of a log running, with the words "My third heat." on running, with the words "My third heat" on it: above the hog, "My victory," below it, "Down with the bank." On the other side encircling the center are the words: "My substitute for the U.S. Bank." In the center is a medallion of Jackson, and below it the words: "Experiment, My currency, My glory."

These coins are now very rare, although once there were a great number in circulation.

Long Skirts on a Bicycle.

A recent bicycle accident to a young girl in North Attleboro emphasizes the danger of skirts. Her dress in some way became entangled in the rear wheel of her machine and wound around the sprocket and chain so tightly that she was thrown to the ground. Fortunately she was riding slowly, so that ne serious injury resulted, except in her skirt. In vain she worked and tugged over it. In a In vain she worked and tugged over it. In a few minutes she was surrounded by sympathizers of the leminine sex, and various expedients were proposed, but finally the only practical one was adopted. Another skirt was sent for, and behind the sheltering group the embarrassing change was effected, and the labyrinth of bicycle and skirt was left in a friendly doorward until the girl's big brother would call for it.—Boston Adver-

An Inheritance Tax of \$6,500,000. (From London Truth.)

The Duke of Westminster is asking the sympathy of his friends because, under the terms of the death duties in the pending budget, his estate at his death must pay to the government a tax of no less than \$6,500,-660. This will compel the poor heirs to get along with only \$80,000,000.

"It may turn out a second edition of De la Poer. Seems rather a pity that another man should be caught in the same trap, eb?"
"Pooh, this one is able to take care of him-self, or should be, must be oldish, since he's a widower with two sons. Lord help'em if

who we want two soes. Let help em it such a stepmother is put over them.

The athlete has sat so quietly in his corner that both men start when he abruptly rises, trying to force the window lower, as if the heat is increasing, probably they would be still more startled could they know that he is that earn Local Williand to whom their corn. that very Lord Willard to whom their compassion has been so frankly extended. He subsides into his corner, tucks the ends of his mustache into his mouth, staring fixedly at the pages of Punch, though he sees nothing of Du Maurier's latest, battling as he is against an impulse to proclaim his identity to the an impulse to proclaim his identity to the two men, and knock their beads together as traducers of a defenceless lady. Frudence and a natural aversion to a scene win the day; he folds his arms tightly, and before his mental vision rises an oval face, with seductive violet eyes, and lips that murmur low and sweet. But you will come back again, won't you.

He is again on the terrace at Resemount, the glimmering radiance that lives all through a summer night clasping the fragrant, dewy garden, and the pretty house, with its open windows and lighted rooms, whence steal strains of pininive music, Airs. De is Poer, craceful and languid, eyes and lips pathetic, ceans against a stone pilester which holds aloft a great year hypering over with nuck. aloft a creat vase brimming over with musk

and tobcara.

"Why so said to-night?" he asks, with a
sudden sense of stars blown out, as he looks
at her face, pale and mournful to a degree he

"Ah, Lord Willard, you pay compliments as if you meant them! Well, I am sorry you are going away; I shall mis you more than I dare think, I have so few friends."
"He glances at the house, at the gay throng in the lighted room, and she fellows his glance and answers it.

rugged trunks and slender stems are defined. and a faint sigh leaves her lips for the second

"I shail never forget you," she says; "re-member that, Lord Willard, for I feel that we shall never meet again '

member that, Lord Willard, for I feel that we shall never incet again."

He starts and turns to her, looking at her in a troubled way. "My dear Mrs. De la Poer, why should you think that?"

"I can't give you any reason, but I know it. I have had such presentiments before, and they have always been fulfilled." And her hand is lifted suddenly to her beautiful eyes; is it memory or thought of parting with him that overcomes her?

"This one may not be." he says, all at once intensely nervous. The glimpse of her periest mouth all quivering with emotion, the sight of her fair bent head, appeal to his heart; he is carried away by passion, and is just on the point of clasping his arms about her, claiming for present and for future the right to share her sorrows, if he cansot altogether shield her from them—when the tenor, whose "songs beneath the waning stars" have been

again, won't you?" before other guests claim her attention.

Lord Willard presently takes his leave, departing less with feelings of a lover who has been builded at deprived of his chance than those of a man who has escaped something. Strange how the glamour fades, how the witchery of voice and look loses potency in absence, and how much more clear and distinct is the memory of the girl whose heart kept time and tune with his from the first dawn of love until its last throb on earth.

For it is true that he is a widower. His majority and his marriage were celebrated on the same day, and five years of perfect happiness were his. Then his young wife died, and he has mourned her these seven years, without thought of replacing her, until his meeting with Dorothea De la Poer, if then. He has been introduced to her by the genial rector, on whose heart her liberal, unexisting, and she seemed to him of the type angelic. Still, why is it that when he thinks of his two sons the thought of them under her care repeis him?

Why is it that when in his most infatuated moments he pictures her in his old home, a yision will rise before him of the fair, pure face once smiling there, of the fresh young yoles so long silent? Why does it seem as if from the quiet grave she extended her hand to hold him back? Can the dead be jealous

THE STORY OF A MISER.

Of His Vast Herds But the Bones Now Left to Speak of Lost Wealth.

(From the San Francisco Examiner.) The schooner Annie Gee is unloading a argo at Howard street pier that tells a tale of solate death on the plains of Mexico. The old of the vessel was filled at Guaymas with the skulls and bones of cattle that had died nany years ago on the parched prairies a few iles inland from the port.

The officers of the schooner did not remem ber the name of the rich vaquero who severa ecades ago owned the land about Guaymas longer and broader than a man could ride in a day and night, but the old people of Guay-mas say that he possessed great wealth, and that his herds of cattle were more than could mas say that he possessed great wealth, and that his herds of cattle were more than could be counted. The great vaquero was an autocrat with a great greed for cattle and gold. Both of these seemed to multiply on his hands so rapidly that his treasure and herds were almost unlimited, but he was not satisfied. He grew more miserly every day, and at last he commenced to stint the necessities of life required both for himself and family. His life became such that he lived in the most abject squalor, gloating over his gold and forbidding any of the secres of slaves killing any of the cattle for food. So stern was he that none dared disobey, and starvation in the midst of plenty claimed many for death. It not only affected the slaves, but insufficient good and diseases carried away the members of the old vaquero's family until only he was left.

Then a blight came upon the herds. Then as and the Mexicans to this day say it was the curse of God. The rains stopped and the numerous streams which watered the vaquero's rich domain dried up. The hot sun withered the grass, and food for thousands of cattle became scarce. Soon the emclated bodies of the starving beasts began to dot the plains. Quickly they increased, but no rain came. The vain old miser lauged his gold and prayed for only a drop of water. He saw his cattle dying in nundreds about him, and

pains. Quickly they increased, but he fain came. The vain old miser hugged his gold and prayed for only a drop of water. He saw his cattle dying in hundreds about him, and in despair he shut himself in his cabin.

What few slaves remained alive fled from the place, and now the plains for miles around are dotted with the crumbling bones of the old miser's immense herds. The local historians of the event do not know what became of the old vaquero, but they think that he died surrounded by his gold, and that he was found that way by some strolling marauders, who took away the treasure and burned the house. The Mexicans about Guaymas are now collecting the norms and skulls and taking them to the beach, where they are paid a few cents for their work. The bones brought by the Annie Gee are for a local fertillizing company.

Not That Kind, Mr. Debs. [From the Chicago Record.]

Debs now calls upon the American people to carry on the boycott which the American Railway Union has declared off. Debs will discover, however, that the people who ride in Pullman cars are not boycotters.

His Mistake. [From the Chicago Record.] Miss Caustique-Men can never tell blue

from green. Miss Maud—How do you know that? Miss Caustique—I just heard Cholly Addle-one say he was awfully blue.

of the living? Do all men who have loved

of the living? Do an men who have loved the first wife with all youth's fervor and devotion feel thus when contemplating the taking of a second?

He has asked himself these questions often during the last five weeks, and the answers seem far off as ever. And to-day he asks himself what shall be do? Shall he as lover should offer himself to her, without doubt or should, offer himself to her, without doubt or fear or question? Or shall be be influenced bythe coarse gossip of two half-tipsy men and probe into the sorrows of her past. It is impossible that what they have said can be true. Shall be ask her to be his wife or shall have? Well her will write to be from home Well, he will write to her from home within the next few days and the question will forever be settled.

The rectory garden inclines rather to the wilderness style, but is lighted up well with big dahilas and fiaming gladfoll and ever-fragrant old walllower. "Mrs. Bostor" site on a rustic bench, a bamboo tea-table beside her; a rustic bench, a hamboo lea-lands beside ner; and merrity from the tennis lawn come her children—small stars circling round the newly risen planet of a cousin from London, fresh from the joys of her first season. She is a dainty figure in a sun-hat and muslin, 'fair-haired, blue-eved, her aspect blithe, adored by the Parrathes cousins, aunt and uncle alike. She says herself that her life is simply a record of "favors received," and it is true that to her, at least, fortune has come with both hands full, pernaps capatrated by nature's handlwork in her, and so she lacks heither money nor good looks nor pretty wave. adored by the Darradales, cousins, aunt and

ways.

As they more to the tea-table—a gay group—a man slowly passes, carrying on his shoulder a little boy, who looks eagerly over the privet hedge, then laughs and claps his Mr. De la Poer remains unapproachable even "We are never merry when we hear sweet mussle," "she returns evasively.
"Yet how happy the sound of your voice makes me," he replies, and she gives a smile that each in a sigh.

"All the same direction, and she passes on.

raises his hat with a long, shadowy hand as he passes on.

"Who is the planntom?" asks Cousin Philippa and the eldest Miss Darradale, who is just at the romantic and susceptible age, turns a sigh into a pout as she replies:

"That is Mr. De la Poer, the new organist

"That is Mr. De la Poer, the new organist. "H'm-isu't he a little bit like a ghost out

Isn't he handsome?

it my busines to know what became of the first—how he was shuffled off."

And he closes one eye, nods, and takes a long pull at his flask. The other man looks interested—even on the verge of being excited.

"Bo you mean—?" he hints.

"Oh, I don't mean anything, beyond the fact that De la Poer seemed to vanish all at the fact that De la Poer seemed to vanish all at the cane back in widow's weeds. Whether it was arsenic or a bullet through the head, self-administered, or whether he just drank himself to death, no one seems to know, and it isn my business any now. He

"Did you hear any news, dear?"
"Lord Willard is expected home; that's one item. For another. I'm sorry to say that there is an outbreak of diphtheria."

is an outbreak of diphtheria."

"Oh, dear," says Mrs. Darradale, glancing at her "steps and staurs" with anxiety, and there is a little silence. By and by one of the rosy boys breaks it.

"Papa, Bertie De la Poer is coming to play with us to-morrow, may I give him one of the young rabbits?"

"Why, yes, Joe, if he likes to have it. By the way," the rector goes on, addressing his niece, "you will be pleased when you hear our new organist. I consider him a very able musician."

"We saw him pass just now," says Phil-

"We saw him pass just now," says Philippa. "He looks a melody in the minor."
"I dare say he is anxious about the child," says the kindly mother; "a dear little fellow, but not very strong."
"Is he a widower?" Philippa asks, and there is a perceptible pause before the rector replies.

She has just come in from a walk and meets her uncle at the gate, to be struck by his un-

share her sorrows, if he cannot altogether shield her from them—when the tenor, whose "songs beneath the waning stars" have been charming the ear of night, comes out with a train of admirers, and the tete-a-tete is broken up. Mrs De in Poer snatches time to whisper plaintively, "But you will come back again, won't you?" before other guests claim her attention.

Lord Willard presently takes his leave, departing less with feelings of a lover who has been bailled or deprived of his chance than those of a man who has escaped something. Strange how the glamour fades, how the witchery of voice and look loses potency in absence, and how much more clear and distinct is the memory of the girl whose heart kept time and tune with his from the first dawn of love until its last throb on earth.

For it is true that he is a widower. His majority and his marriage were celebrated on the same day, and five years of perfect happiness were his. Then his voing wife died and him to the same day, and five years of perfect happiness were his. Then his voing wife died and him to the first dawn of love until its last throb on earth.

To it is true that he is a widower. His majority and his marriage were celebrated on the same day, and five years of perfect happiness were his. Then his voing wife died and him to the first dawn of love until its last throb on earth.

For it is true that he is a widower. His majority and his marriage were celebrated on the same day, and five years of perfect happiness were his. Then his voing wife died and him to the first dawn of love until its last throb on earth.

With the cannot have been there is a perceptible pause before the rector replies.

"N-no. In fact, I can hardly say. The boy calls him papa and uncle indiscriminately, and I never asked which really was the relationship. In fact, De la Poer is not the men indiscriminately, and I never asked which really was the relationship. In fact, De la Poer is not the men on a question; he is extremely reserved and tacturn. His references were unexceptiona her uncle at the gate, to be struck by his unusual gravity.

"This is sad news," he says; "poor little De la Poer is down with diphtheria,"

"Oh, uncle! But how did it reach him?"

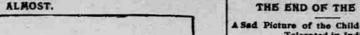
"Why, that boy Colson has it hadly, and that stupid mother of his allowed Bertie in to see him, with this result. The child ran across from his father's to ask for Jim—missing him, I suppose—and she must needs take the child into the very rosen. Itold her what I thought of her! No wonder the sickness is spreading!" she falters.

"Oh! as to that, De la Poer's whole heart is in the boy; he is devoted to nim, and denies him nothing. I feel that he is smiling when he knows that Bertie is enjoying himself here with our youngsters. And as to the wall of mystery, my dear, I think others have built it. Mr. De la Poer is simply a reserved, silent man, who declines to talk of his own affairs, and may merely be suffering from an artistic hatred of gossip."

Philippa feels rather more interested in "the phantom;" a sensation which deepens when she hears the waves of music rolling through the gray old church, rising and falling beneath the long thin fingers of the man in the threadbare coat shining at the seams. She wishes that he had not quite such a never-smiled-again face, and is anxious to see the boy at close quarters, to know if he is in any way shadowed by the paternal gloom.

ing:"

"I fear so. I shall go back later on, though, I assure you, I feet very helpless in this case. I hope the child may be spared." And the rector's kind eyes rest on his own darlings, healthful, and numerous, and grow dim as he thinks of the ting, pain-blanched face he has just seen. What if the one sunbeam on a dark and lonely way be quenched? What will follow such a loss? Yet what is Christianity worth if we cannot submit without question to supreme wisdom and omniscient guidance? He has several duty calls to pay, several sick beds to visit, before he can go to the cottage where the De la Poers live. Halfway down the deep green lane leading to it he sees the well-known figure dillating through the twilight more and more, until they are face to face, and the question falls eagerly from his lips: "How is Bertie? Is he better?" from his lips: "How is Berner as no bea-ter?"
"Yes. He is better."
Something in the tone and no less in the manner strikes strangely on the clergyman's senses, and a hot flush of anxiety rises to his temples; De la Poer looks at him with light-less based area.





He-It's "out o' sight."

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE.

as it is generally consumed.

But he is a bright, laughing, little fellow,

is Jim?" Phillippa asks, a trifle wildly, of her

By Acute and Enterprising Minds Being It is to Be Hoped That the Pretty Boat Brought to Practical Conditions. is Not Hoodooed. [From the New York Tribune.] [From the San Francisco Argonaut.]

It is hoped that the new cruiser Montgon The largest fortunes of the present day have een acquired by applying an acute and en- ery is not "hoodooed," as was the old Iroterprising mind to the improvement of the quois. She certainly has had a little more conditions of life. Some of the largest among than her share of bad luck. While preparing them may be traced to the extension of the for her high-speed trial on Tuesday, and when railroad, telegraph, and telephone systems, to half through the preliminary two-day's test, the sewing machine, to the automatic agri- the crank pin of her port engine gave way, cultural machines, to the application of elec- and the piston was driven with such force as to break through the cylinder-head and smash tricity to mechanics, to new applications of chemistry to manufactures.

Henry Bessemer, who discovered a way to concert carburetted iron into steel, was a type. He rendered it possible to gridiron this country with steel rails, and, of course, it to pieces.

Another of her mishaps was on October 3 last, when about to begin her contractor's acceptance trial. She struck on Black Ledge, this country with steel rails, and, of course, he became a millionaire. Any young man who will devise a method of making an ar-ticle of general use at less than the present cost, or of making it better in quality at the same cost, will make a fortune as he did. The New London harbor, and so severely dam aged about twenty of her plates that she had to be taken to Baltimore for repairs, and was in the hands of mechanics for several weeks. in the names of mechanics for several weeks.

A couple of weeks before that, on September

20, when making a preliminary speed trial in
Chesapeake Bay, one of the auxiliary steam
pipes burst and Mr. Eushaw, chief engineer
of the Columbian works, was terribly scalded
and one of the crew was scalded to death. article need not be an important one so long Going away on your vacations. The Times will go with you to any address, puelage prepaid, for 35 cents a month.

"Since he died, half an hour ago," he says, in coid, steady tones, "perhaps I should say

that he is well. that he is well."

Mr. Darradale chokes; he has no words of comfort ready—being over-powered by his own grief for the child who has laughed his way into every heart. The man suddenly turns aside, bowing his head upon his arm.

THE CRUISER MONTGOMERY.

But he is a bright, laughing, little fellow, who flutters into the rectory garden like a butterfly—such a winsome, happy mite, seemily pleased, so loving, with none or child-hood's unconscious selfishness, that Philippa falls in love with him at once, and he, becoming her slave with equal rapidity, is nick-hamed her little sweetheart. He listens to the wildest legends of fairyland with unquestioning belief when they flow from her lips: trots beside her when she gathers fruit or flowers, delighted to carry her beaket or scissors; finds her balls at tennis, and she declares that it will end in her stealing him.

One day she had been distributing tors among her cousins, and presents Bertie with "Oh my God! my dear little boy," he groans, passionate human feeling breaking down all his self-restraint and long-studied control. It is, however, only for a moment, then he stands erect, his teeth set hard on his lip, and in repty to the rector's question if he can do anything, says, "No, there is nothing to be done" -not gratefully, but among her cousins, and presents Bertie with a wonderful picture book, over which he hangs with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes, then looks up gravely to ask "If he may lend this to Jim?" with a treading down of his own em which may be habitual, and which conveys the impression that to him life means only endurance. "Who is Jim?" Philippa asks, and the ex-The rector goes home, using his handker-"Oh, he can't walk like us; he has a ewutch, but his mammi can't buy books or pwutty things for him. May I let him wesd my book first?"

The desired permission is given; and "Who

chief a good deal, and tells them there what has happened; the children listen in awe, though unable quite to realize the meaning of death—but Philippa breaks down altoof death—kit Philippa breaks down alto-gether for sake of her little sweetheart.
"And can't we do anything for Mr. De la Poer?" asis Mrs. Darradale. "It is so sad that he should be left alone,"

is Jim: Philippa asse, a tride whelly, or her unsle; she feels that "little sweetheart" is leading her into strange lands, but the rector is able to throw some light upon the subject, "Jim! Ah!—the child rust mean that erappled boy of the Cosons. His father "I fancy he prefers it," says the rector; and he is right.

After the quiet funeral the rector detains the only mourner, who has stood silent and soil-possessed during the mournful service—a yein standing out in his forehead, alone bebreaks stone and his mother washes, so this is real charity, Philippa. Well done, your little sweetheart.

"He is a strange unsociable creature," says one of the Mrs. Candours of the neighborhood, an excellent woman, who is always finding son ething or some one against whom some one else should be warned, by these means keeping aspecies of fiery cross in active circulation among her acquaintances. "I am the last person in the world to speak ill of another, but at times I really do think that Mr. Derick an escaned courie. Dear Mr. Darradale is so conficing, so unsuspectous, so broad and wide," she says, sighing; the adjectives, of course, referring to the good rector's mind, not to his personal appearance. tor's mind, not to his personal appearance.

An escaped convict! There searcely could be a more ridiculous theory, Philippa thinks, deciding that this lady has probably been chief builder of the wall of mystery. But whatsoever may be said of Mr. De la Peer in other respects, no one can fluid found in the content is open, and she hears the organ throbbing, here eves fill. When to her the death of this little one has been so much, other respects, no one can fluid found in the content in the content is one man been so much, what is it to the man left regulate? How can An escape convict. There success could be a more ridiculous theory, Philippa thinks, deciding that this lady has probably been chief builder of the will of mystery. But whatsoever may be said of Mr. De la Poer in other respects, no one can find fault with his what is it to the man left desolate? How can treatment of his boy or question his affection.

The sad, grave face lights up at the sight of Bertie, and is transfigured. He seems content with this companionship, and seeks no other; and often they are seen wandering away together to the woods or the common, learning the seems to the useless lengting for the innocent companionship and seeks no the useless lengting for the innocent companionship and love?

When she raises her head she sees De la

away together to the woods or the common, lertie carried shoulder high, laughing and triumphant.

A breath of excitement passes through Waterdale: Lord Willard is coming home, and the chimneys of the great house are beginning to send up smoke-signals; people wonder if he will "entertain," if he will bring down a shooting-party, and tradesfolk rule expectant hands; for his lordship maintains his establishment on a liberal scale, and there is no "cheese-paring" in his household.

When she raises her head she sees De la Poer standing before her; he looks more cadaverous than ever, more attenuated, but she sees him only for a moment before tears blind her—she has thought that if they met she would speak to him consollingly, and, after all, she can only ery.

"I am so sorry for you," at length she says, and can say no more, but the words express that pure compassion which, surely is true womanhood.

"Thank you," he says, with dry lips; "you

he will "entertain," if he will bring down a shooting-party, and tradesfolk rub expectant hands; for his lordship maintains his estab-lishment on a liberal scale, and there is no "cheese-paring" in his household.
"What has became of my little sweetheart?" wonders Philippa, one memorable day, when two or three days have slipped away without bringing Bertie to the rectory, "Perhaps Mr. De ia Poer thinks he is being spoiled among us;"

that pure compassion which swelly is true womanhood.

"That' you," he says, with dry lips; "you were always good to him, and he loved you. I find some comfort in the knowledge that he had won so much affection; it means that his little life was happy."

He stops and looks silently at the flowers she has laid on the grave, and, much moved, thanks her by a gesture.

As she goes home a pony phaeton is driven past by handsome, happy Lord Willard, who is instructing his son and heir in the mysteries of the reins; and the girl feels an odd resentment of his good fortune, of his fine physique, of the very flag laxily folding and unfolding itself on Willard tower in honor of his arrival. Further on she meets Mr. De la his arrival. Further on she meets Mr. De la Poer's landlady, who is brimming over with details of the boy's death and the man's grief, and her emotions undergo a change; hasten-ing home she bursts into the room where the

rector sits composing his sermon, her throat and heart burning.

"Uncle, that man is starving!"

and neart borning.
"Uncle, that man is starving!"
"My dear girl," he cries, startled, "what man? Which? Where?"
"Mr. De la Poer," she says, gasping, all her pretty roses withered. "Mrs. Becker has just been telling me; he has always been poor. Oh, uncle, can't you see that is the reason of his reserve and seclusion. He has denied himself everything for Bertis's sake, but he is poorer than ever now; he lives on tea and dry bread. Oh, uncle, we must, we surely can do something?"

The rector hears these incoherent sentences with a puzzled frown. Here is a mystery, How is this abject poverty to be accounted for, unless by the presence in the background of some one with a claim that may not be denied. Otherwise he surely would have had sufficient to meet the extra expenses entailed by sickness and death, having no personal extravagances, being indeed

ing no personal extravagances, being indeed styled "stingy" and a miser.

"The woman may have exaggerated," says Mr. Darradale, mildly. "However, I might ask Lord Willard to use his influence on be-

THE END OF THE BRIDE.

Tolerated in India.

(From Temple Bar.)
A little girl in India went to the missionary hool; she was a pretty, clever little thing, and so attracted the teacher that she ventured to visit her in her home. She found the child overshadowed by the horror of her approaching marriage. As a baby she had been betrothed, but, according to custom, she lived in her father's house till she was twelve; then she was to be taken from her own people and given over to her busband, a hideous little man, deformed, his face scarred with disease. of bad character and notoriously given to The child was terrifled of him, and he de-

The child was terrified of him, and he derived a ghoul-like pleasure from her terror; used to jump at her in the dark make faces at her, and told her that once really married to him, and in his home, he and his old mother would make short work of her beauty with a red-hot fork, so that it would soon be difficult to choose between their two faces.

At last the fatal day arrived The missionary's heart ached for the little friend she was unable to help, and as she went about her work she prayed that God might save His hapless creature.

At noon the child's mother burst into the

At noon the child's mother burst into the house. "Nahomi is dead," she cried, and the two women hurried to her home. There was Nahomi, lying stiff and cold on the floor, looking very slim and childish in her bridal dress and smooth, flower-crowned head.

It happened she had spent the morning in restless agony of articipation, that (to quiet her) her miserable mother had beaten her, and that afterward she had fallen into an apathy of despair.

and that afterward she had label and apathy of despair.

She had washed her little person and her hair, had braided it neatly, had put on her bridal gown, and decorated herself with flowers and jeweiry and then had gone quietly into the yard behind the house, where a dataratree hung its great white trumpets against the blue sky, dug up and ate a little of its poisonous root, and then crept back into her home, where she now iay, cold, stark—free.

A Popular Opinion of the Senate.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.] The Senate has written its own doom. It might have been forgiven the impotence of the extra session; it cannot be forgiven the insolence it now displays. The people have as little share in its favor as they had in its election. It is tainted with scandal, honey-combed with jobbery, beset by evil rumors. The ticker clicks under the togr. Legisla-tion is snaped by the stock-jobber. The lobbyist is given ear while the people go unheard. The verdict of the ballot is flouted, while protected monopolies are asked their will. The people have no part or lot in such a babel of selfish

His Own Punishment.

[From the Somerville Journal.] Indignant Resident-Great heavens, man! What do you mean by bringing around a wheezy old hand organ, all out of tune, and Organ-grinder (plaintively)-Well, if it's bad for you, when you only have to listen to it for five minutes, how do you think I like it, when I have to listen to it all day long?

In the evening he betakes himself to the

fusat is difficult.
"It is for our pleasure, not for your own," At its for our piensure, not for your own, says the rector "so I hope you will at least think about it. Now I have something else to ask on my wife's behalf. She thinks that you are neglecting yourself, as one too often does, my dear De la Foer, in time of sorrow, and she is soming you some grapes, and that, and a first wish you to believe that only the te coax your appear and that, and I first wish you to believe that only the te coax your appear are to end the acquaintance of a Mrs. Vinery, so I know it is good, he alds, for he never offers one a thing as if he were glad to be rid of it, or with the depreciation of a gift, considered "good form" by so many, and with this he takes his departure, leaving Mr.

The is Poer to reflect.

And I first wish you to believe that only the trongest possible reasons induce me to ask it. I have made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Dorothea De la Foer, her husband was a De in Poer, or Chester. Do you know her?"

"Yes: I know her." Every word seems to be dragged forth, when after a lengthy pause, the reply comes. "My only brother married her."

soli-possessed during the mouranti service—a with this he takes his departure, leaving Mr. traying by what an effort he preserves his composure—and lays a kind hand on his shoulder.

"I do not like to think of you alone, and unconsciously encouraging sorrow by solitude," he says. "I should be glad if you unaccustomed, and he has lifted some of the unaccustomed, and he has lifted some of the "He fell among bad company, and married" "He fell among bad company, and married "He fell among bad company, and married" "He fell amon through his cilid, and she does not see why no should keep the kindly rector at arm's length with the rest of the world, there might surely be an exception made here.

"He is a strange, unsociable creature,"

"He is a strange, unsociable creature,"

"It have much to thank you for; but I am un-

unaccustomed, and he has lifted some of the delicious fruit to his purched month, when the thought which dominates his whole life, of a necessity greater than his own, arises, and presently he has made his way to the poor cottage where slekness is rife, and want by no means an unfamiliar presence.

Mrs. Coison herself opens the shaky door, and, recognizing her visitor, is at once on the defensive. She never meant to harm his little boy—she only thought it would cheer Jim up to see the little gent sman as was always so frank and free, and any way he needn't come to reproach her now in her troucle, when sickness and sorrow and work are like to to see the little gentleman as was always so frank and free, and any way he needn't come to reproach her now in her trouele, when sickness and sorrow and work are like to drive her distracted. Mr. De la Peor's quiet voice cuts through her voluble sentences.

"I have not come to reproach you; I know you meant no harm," he says, "Jim was kind on the gold I have heaved."

MAN AND SHARK.

A Sad Picture of the Child-wife System A Fisherman Hooks a Monster and Is Seized in Turn by It.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat 1 William Muller, an attorney of Deniso Tex., had an experience with a man-eating shark at Rockport, in the Guif. Mr. Muller, who was brought home to-day, related the

fellowing: following:

"I hired a smail sailboat, and we were out some distance from land when I baited my hook and cast it out. I used a new clothesline, 100 to 150 feet long, for a cord, and the hook was quite large, probable six to seven inches long. I felt a jerk and in an instant the line was under the boat's rudder. I asked the boatman to reverse the sail in order that the line could be cleared. I was oblivious to all except the big fish, and as the boom swung around it caught me on the back between the shoulders. I was tumbled overboard headforemost in the water, some, forty to fifty feet foremost in the water, some forty to fifty feet

foremost in the water, some, forty to fifty feet deep.

"As I struck the water the fish that I had caught, a man-eating shark, laid hold of the call of my right leg. The pain was fearful, and I feit myself jerked rapidly down towards the bottom of the sea. In my fall I did not relax my hold on the line, and as soon as I realized my pesition I knew that my life depended on my ability to hold to the cord. The struggle I know was not long, but to me it seemed like an age. The cord was fastened to a beam in the boat, and inch by inch I gained on my antagonist, and as soon as I appeared on the surface the boatmen came to my assistance. The shark retained its grip on my leg until my body was entirely out of the vater, and even then it did not let go until the boatmen knocked it off with an oar. When I was safely on the inside, however, we would for the above the same to my and the strucked it off with an oar. When I was safely on the inside, however, we pulled for the shore, and as my hook was se-curely fastened in the mouth of the shark no trouble was experienced in landing the fish. It was between five and six feet long."

THE SUMMER HOTEL.

agony of Writing a Letter at a Popular Senside Resort.

Did you ever try to write a letter at a Sum-mer hotel? If you have you probably will never make a second attempt. The exercise rou get mentally is nothing to the pedestrian eats that you indulge in.

leats that you indulge in. You can't write in your room because it's too warm there; and, besides, you don't want to lose a moment of outdoor fun. So you make a pencil and pad and hammock combination. You start with "My dearest dear," make a peneil and pad and hammock combi-nation. You start with "My dearest dear," and by that time you are surrounded with a huge crowd, who came to assure you that rumor that ice cream was to be served for dinner had been proven false, Gradually you snesk away te another hammock, but the crowd follows. Then, in desperation, you plunge into a dense wood, where you are sure panthers and polar bears reside in com-

sure panthers and polar bears reside in com-pany with rattlesnakes and African croco-dies. No sooner do you get that peucil fixed than you hear something like this wafted over your head:
"You are heartless. You know I love you!"
"Te-he-he! I don't believe it. I suppose you've said that same thing to every other with here."

"I swear I haven't! I care for no one but you. I love—"

Then you experience a queer feeling and tramp off with the thought that two wooden dummies or a pair of cigar store signs would spoon at a summer resort.

In the evening he betakes himself to the little cettage, and is admitted by De la Poer himself. Perhaps the rector tooks about him more observantly than before; at any rate the painful, tere neatness of the room seems revealed to him for the first time. The man is wan and thin, his eyes have the strained erpression that tells of overwork; his coat, even more threadbare than the one he wears out of doors, hangs loosely about him, and his movements are fnert and languid.

"I came to ask," begins the rector, after a prolonged lit of coughing, "if you would spend an hour or two with us on Sunday—no one there but curselves—and we will allow you to go away whenever you wish? You are shutting yourself up too much." Mr. De la Poer signs and locks down; no doubt remembering what he owes to the Derradales, refusal is difficult.

The pale face flushes—the muscles of the long, thin throat work convulsively; and even if his own errors and excesses have

long, thin throat work convulsively; and Lord Willard is all at once seized with anxiety about his flower beds—the boys are so careless

about his hower beas—the boys are so careiess it would seem.

Presently he leaves the window, and sits down again, a little embarrassed now.

"The next question," he says, "is personal; and I first wish you to believe that only the